

351 If we had been transported bodily into a bit of the Indies. The fruit-trees best known in that country are represented here, and a sultry, moist heat permeates the shadows of this richly watered garden.

529 In front of the garden villa, built in a modern style, but not yet quite finished, is a cemented swimming-pool about 300 feet long and of the same width as the building. It joins onto the stairs of the terrace, and a trim rowing-boat lies motionless on the crystal clear water. To do us honour the basin has been filled by means of an engine-pump, and, although the water is warm, we show our appreciation at once by enjoying a bathe, and a row in the boat.

289 Our host, who is acting for the Sultan, is a tobacco-grower
271 as well as an official. He says that the Humûmi tobacco
351 can only be grown here. They are trying to cultivate the same kind in Lahadj, behind Aden, and in the Yemen; as the climate and the soil are not similar the result is a product which in perfume and taste is inferior to that grown here. Cultivation in el-Qibli is carried to a very high pitch of refinement. The tobacco-plants are manured three times: with guano, with fish, and with the dung of beasts and men. Pure water is used for irrigation, not too much and not too little. Each kind of dung is applied to the plant at the right time. The best guano comes from an island on the coast of Somaliland, for which the British authorities have given a concession. A second kind of guano is found on islands near Bir 'All, to the west of Makalla, and near Aden. The entire harvest of tobacco is exported to Egypt, and from there a part of it goes to Syria and to the countries on the Red Sea. The Humûmi tobacco is broken up and cut into wide strips, and is smoked in water-pipes. The stalks can be used at the same time and for this reason the plants are dried whole, not the leaves alone. They are then bound into large bundles as packed into oblong bales, the weight of a camel's load, that is to say 300 lbs. The price of such a bale is nowadays 120 to 130 rupees.

$\frac{1}{2}$ [of the SULTAN & GAZI BE JALIL -- MUMUK]

6. ALONG THE BEACH TO ESH-SHIHR.

That night in Shehër there was not much sleep, for a wedding was being celebrated in the village square below us. Several houses are lighted up, and, from our vantage-point high up above them, we can see the feasting that is going on there. Afterwards by the light of gasoline lamps there is dancing in the square; the men and women stand facing each other in long rows, which approach each other with rythmical stamping of feet and clapping of hands and then again retreat. All unite in the singing of a monotonous refrain, the constant repetition of one and the same melody. The actual song is recited by a single person. They all know the old songs and enjoy taking part in them and joining in the rising enthusiasm caused by their refrain. Sweat pours down the naked chests of the men, but it is nearly morning before their energy is exhausted and the festal joy quietsens down.

Our driver wakes us up with a toot from his horn in front of the castle, before it is yet light. He knows that we must do the journey to esh-Shihr and back, by way of the coast, before high tide.

Our host accompanies us. The road runs along the east bank of the wādī right up to the coast, which is at a distance of only a few miles. On the beach lie the heavy boats of the fishermen and of the men who collect guano. There are drying-places for fish close to some huts: we could smell them that night in Shehër. The guano is conveyed by camel from here to Ohl Bā Wazir, there to be used for manuring the fields. The shore is very like the sandy beach of Holland and there are even dunes with some vegetation, which are, however, not more than 20—30 feet in height. On the beach there are armies of crabs, which, at our approach, try to escape either in the direction of the sea or towards the sand-dunes, where cone-shaped heaps of sand flank the entrance to their long spiral passages, which lead underground. The ridge of dunes, which

● 387 is only a narrow one, is broken in some places by breaches
 136 through which at high tide the sea water streams. These gaps
 487 have doubtless been made by the rainfall from the mountains
 farther inland seeking an outlet to the sea. Close by esh-Shihr
 coral rocks jut out above the level of the sand, and the passage
 there is narrow and vanishes completely when the tide is at
 flood.

361 Esh-Shihr lies on the flat sea coast, which slopes only
 very gradually so that steamers have to anchor far out at sea.
 At the moment several sambooks are lying there and fishermen
 are plying their trade till far away to the horizon. The track
 runs through deep, loose sand from the beach to the gate,
 which is new, but lacking in taste architecturally. The wall
 is also new and is strengthened on the inner side with buttress-
 es of mud bricks, but the garment is too large for what it
 has to cover, and a half-dead town is pining away within the
 walls. Many blocks of houses are uninhabited, some have even
 fallen in. One crosses great open spaces on the way from
 the west to the east gate. The streets are dirty and even the
 inhabited houses have a neglected look. Over the whole town,
 and stronger even than the sewage smell of the streets, hangs
 344 the stench of drying, half-decayed fish. The Government
 361 buildings are in a square situated in the western part of the
 town. The castle stands on a sandy eminence by the sea; the
 346 building has just been restored and, with its simple, strong
 lines makes a good impression. The bottom floor is being
 used temporarily as a school for three to four hundred boys.
 On the hill near the fortress some old, big cannon are lying,
 and a solitary signal-mast stands there. The Governor's house,
 a large, tall, well-constructed building, whose many roof-
 terraces are well suited to the sweltering, damp climate of esh-
 Shihr, stands on the land side of the square. The Governor
 is not at home, for we have met him on the beach in his fine,
 American motor-car. He looks Indian, and too modern for his
 town, nearly cut off as it is from the outside world and still
 dreaming of former glories. At one time, esh-Shihr was larger